

MAY 12, 1967 **SCHOLASTIC**



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Editorials

Playing the Old Shell Game

"We can't afford it." That is the brick wall WSND has run into for the past eight months and for as long as it cares to remember whenever it has approached the Administration for money to maintain and expand what is unquestionably one of the finest undergraduate broadcasting stations in the country. The ND station gets no money from the University whatsoever. WSND-AM is completely dependent upon advertising to stay in business. WSND-FM is wholly dependent on WSND-AM for whatever charity cash the AM station can spare. And on a \$10,000 yearly operating budget for *both* stations that isn't much.

It has proven impossible in the past to get any kind of budget statement as to just how the University does allocate its funds to student organizations. Thus all that can be done is to look around to see who does get money and who should get money. One organization that gets plenty, \$35,000 a year in fact, is the *Dome*. The *Dome* is one of the finest undergraduate yearbooks in the country. It has been ranked in quality with the likes of Harvard and the University of Michigan. As Dave Heskin, editor of next year's *Dome* has said, the yearbook provides an independent overview of the year past by an independent student source as well as a keepsake for the student body. Unofficially, the *Dome* is good public relations for the University. But for \$35,000? The *Dome* is nice but when it is compared proportionally to other student organizations, WSND-FM *alone* for instance, is it really worth the money?

But WSND-FM is good PR too, especially in South Bend. "We have the programming now to be a cultural extension to the (South Bend-Notre Dame) community, but not the power," according to '67-'68 Station Manager Dick Riley. Five years ago WSND-FM began with a power basis of ten watts. Five years later they are still broadcasting with that same ten watts. It doesn't take an electrical engineer to realize how really little that amounts to. What is needed according to Riley and FM Program Director Denny Reeder is a 3000 watt transmitter with

antenna to "saturate" this whole area west to Chicago and east to Ohio. At present "the only station comparable in this whole wide area" says Riley, "is WMFT — and they are very hard to get."

WSND-FM alone makes every other station in the vicinity look ham. The station broadcasts classical music thirteen hours a day, from noon to 1:00 a.m. ("We'd like to go morning but can't afford it," says Riley). This contrasts with five hours of classical (all automated) from WNDU and two hours from Elkhart's WTRC. "The fine arts market around here is ours for all intents and purposes." In addition to this FM broadcasts prerecorded on-campus lectures, and a smattering of jazz, folk, news, and sports; then there are special programs: drama, poetry readings (T. S. Eliot is a recent example), and opera (WSND was one of two stations in the country to carry the opening of the Met live from New York).

"Facilities" in the O'Shaughnessy Hall tower are bad beyond belief. The "tower" part is to be taken literally. They might as well be broadcasting from the Walsh Hall fire escape. The "news room" is a closet containing one teletype with copy hanging from coat hooks and the station manager's quarters in the loft are only accessible by means of a vertical ladder (not recommended climbing for those susceptible to vertigo or anyone over forty).

Right now WSND — AM and FM — is doing all this on their shoestring budget of \$10,000, all of which is garnered from advertising. The broadcasters want to keep paying for AM through advertising alone ("It saves us from people coming up and telling us what to do") but FM which is free from advertising as well as editorials and is purely for education and entertainment is desperately in need of funds. Says Denny Reeder, "It's beginning to break our backs."

"We could do it right (including the new transmitter and antenna) for \$75,000," say Riley and Reeder, "and that is a calculated estimate of the real costs." New mikes and new turntables are needed, new studio equipment and improved facilities ("We have tried getting the faculty lounge but the faculty haven't thought too much of the idea"). With additional funds the Program Bulletin could be improved and made more complete. "There are many fine programs available from foreign sources, from the BBC in England, and others in France, Germany, Italy, Australia, and Canada (e.g., the annual Shakespearian festival from Stratford, Ontario). "We'd like to go stereo, too." Some little support came WSND's way from the Student Senate two weeks ago when money was appropriated from the Senate's Charity Fund on a motion by ASP Senator Larry Broderick for a new tape recorder. But the Student Senate, while graciously taking on another financial burden, has enough of its own problems with the *Observer*, et al. The Administration should be the one to come through with funds.

"We've gotten sympathy from them, but no money," says Station Manager Riley. "The Administration is worried about maintaining the station after the present managers graduate, even though most state universities subsidize their student stations as educational." Two weeks ago the Administration changed its long-standing policy forbidding the soliciting of subscribers and now the radio station is writing to foundations in search of aid. But for years according to Riley, "it's been the old shell game" with the Administration. "You try one place and they tell you to go somewhere else. Then you go there and you're rerouted again, and again, *ad nauseam*." The incongruity of the Administration's financing policies becomes clear when the \$35,000 *Dome* is set next to the \$00,000 radio station. The *Dome* is a once-a-year nicety but WSND is an all-the-time necessity.

— M. McI.

Who's Number One?

This week, in the midst of the much-publicized changes in the corporate structure of the University, there occurred an event that is perhaps far more significant, although it received no public notice at all. In the lobby of the South Dining Hall, next to the perennial armed forces pitchmen, a group of students set up a "peace table" at which material on conscientious objection and the Church's attitude toward military service was distributed.

The amazing thing about this incident is precisely the fact that it received so little publicity, favorable or unfavorable. It should be remembered that the attempts of students to set up similar tables next to ROTC recruiting tables at other universities have been among the major causes of student protests and riots, inasmuch as the usual reaction of university administrations to such "peace tables" on university property is immediate suppression. Yet at Notre Dame, often chided for its backward attitude toward students' rights, approval for the table was given routinely.

One might also make much of the fact that the pacifists received none of the customary taunts from passing students, but most likely this can be ascribed to disinterest rather than positive open-mindedness. The significant fact is the attitude of the Administration. It is refreshing to learn that academic freedom applies to students as well as to faculty. Undoubtedly, part of the motivation for the decision came from the fact that the material distributed was of a strictly orthodox, Catholic character. But this is alright; certainly no one advocates that the Administration countenance the distribution of openly subversive material. We hope that this liberal attitude toward expressions of unorthodox opinions on the campus can now be continued and extended, and that Notre Dame will not abandon the long lead that it now has on so many other, supposedly more "emancipated" institutions.

— R. S.

contents

EDITORIALS

Playing the Old Shell Game	4
Who's Number One?	5

FEATURES

The Shape of Catholic Higher Education	14
Tom Henehan examines the long-awaited Hassenger book.	
The First Desk	16
Jamie McKenna chronicles the life of our own "Kilroy was here."	
"It All Began with the Farley Fast"	17
Mike McInerney exposes the real Lenny Joyce.	
Athlete of the Year: Jim Lynch	18
Bill Sweeney interviews our readers' favorite athlete.	
A Horse of a Different Color	20
Tony Ingraffea plays Suetonius to 10,000 Caligulas.	

DEPARTMENTS

Letters	9	Campus	11
News and Notes	10	Voice in the Crowd	21
The Last Word	26		

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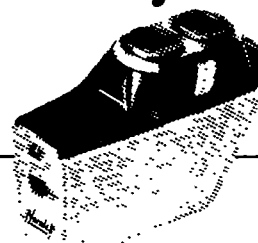
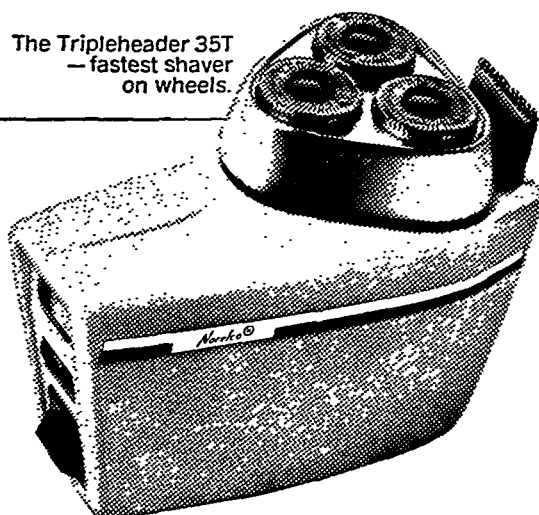




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letters

NOT DOGMATIC

EDITOR:

I should like to thank the SCHOLASTIC for bringing *Academic Freedom and the Catholic University* (Fides Publishers, Notre Dame) to the attention of its readers so promptly upon its publication.

This is the first and only book dealing with its subject, and the contributors are in obvious disagreement concerning procedural as well as substantive issues. The editorial effort, by Professor Houck and myself, to highlight these differences was anything but ironic. We think it would be fatal to prematurely identify the "right" position in this debate. Perhaps Peter Schrag visited one of Mr. Melshimer's seminars during a recent visit to the campus.

Your reviewer was correct in detecting an ironic note in some of the introductory material, but I fear that he has totally misidentified its targets. I am dubious about any suggestion that academic freedom is the freedom to share in an institutional commitment.

May I note that the title to the paper by David Fellman, Professor of Political Science, University of Wisconsin, is not simply "Academic Freedom," but "Academic Freedom and the American Political Ethos." I am surprised that your reviewer expected Professor Fellman to tell him "how to discover the truth once given the opportunity of free and open discussion." And I do not agree that *that* is the subject of any essay in the collection.

As an editor, I regret that the book seems "disjointed," but I am delighted that it did not seem dogmatic.

Edward Manier
Dept. of Philosophy

MORE ON BUSINESS

EDITOR:

It is disheartening to see how little the new editor and the new managing editor of the SCHOLASTIC have learned from the courses that they have had thus far as Notre Dame students. In their editorial and article on Notre Dame's College of Business Administration, they revealed very little of the qualities of mind and spirit that college education is expected to engender. Instead, they revealed themselves as being extremely narrow-minded in their outlook upon life, gravely prejudiced because of ignorance of what they write about, and having a lightheaded attitude toward the truth. . . .

The reader must be profoundly dis-

turbed by the utter lack of logic displayed in the editorial and article which the editor and managing editor fabricated. The editor wrote that "Colleges must specialize, direct their efforts to individual needs . . ." and then asked for a "de-emphasis of business training on the undergraduate level." Thus the "individual needs" of students who want undergraduate preparation for business careers *must not* be met. It appears that colleges must not go that far in their specialization! As for the managing editor, he was uncertain to an extraordinary degree about what he wrote, as indicated by expressions such as "Rightly or wrongly, the average business student . . .", "But if it is not true that . . . it apparently is true that . . .", and "Intelligent or not, lazy or not, many Notre Dame business students . . ." But such uncertainty did not prevent the managing editor from reaching conclusions which he introduced with words such as *undoubtedly*. Of course, it must be admitted that the conclusions were also supported by a great number of quotations having origins such as these: "one professor once told his class," "according to those students who claim that there is something wrong," "one prominent member of the business faculty claims," and "Some of the best professors in the college will in private say." (Sometimes, indeed, the managing editor becomes so enthralled with his quotations that he threw them in without saying whether he got them from "one professor" or "two students" or the janitor.)

As for the two editors' lightheaded attitude toward the truth, it was unconscionable for the editor to write an editorial critical of undergraduate education for business without knowing about relationships between undergraduate and graduate business curricula and the very great probabilities of duplication. Had he known this, he would surely have been less smug about the acceptance by the Harvard Graduate School of two Arts and Letters graduates last June, and he would have found much less "interesting" the breakdown of Notre Dame's first graduate class in business. Likewise, it was unconscionable for the managing editor to write an article critical of the College of Business Administration without knowing and apparently without interest in discovering that students in the College *take no business courses in their freshman year*. Thus the "damage" done to freshmen that the managing editor said "is often irreparable" is hardly the responsibility of the business-college faculty. It was espe-

cially reprehensible and cowardly for the managing editor to withhold names when basing his derogatory judgments upon quotations, with or without quotation marks, from men who were given descriptions such as "one prominent member of the business faculty" (on an expression about his textbook) and "some of the best professors." This is gutter journalism: it makes suspect every "prominent member" who has written a textbook as well as all the "best professors."

I shall make no attempt here to refute the two editors' unjust arguments and conclusions, since the College of Business Administration needs no defense against irresponsible attacks. The trouble with demagoguery is that the demagogue — since he speaks or writes in a mindless sort of way — can utter wild and weird charges, criticisms, and condemnations at a much faster rate than people of scholarly temperament can proceed in refutation.

Raymond P. Kent
Dept. of Finance

EDITOR:

It's a shame that Mr. Abbott is in the college of Business Administration. He represents BA men no more than his "title" represents his responsibilities, abilities, or intelligence. It's time for Dean Murphy to inform today's business underclassmen that the "title" of Student President of the College of Business Administration *does* exist and of how it may be won (or should one say stolen) — before once again a nobody submits the only "letter of application" for the office.

William Prish
214 Pangborn

Nobody will attend Carnegie Tech next year on a \$2000 fellowship.—Ed.

JUST A SPECK

EDITOR:

Mr. Anson's article on Richard Franklin Speck (SCHOLASTIC, April 28) was, to say the least, a vivid and stark portrait of one characteristic of today's humanity. Perhaps the officials involved in Speck's execution will sell photographs of it to the public. I feel sure that if they do so, they will make a fortune easily. And who knows, someone may write a book and then there is always the motion picture industry. . . .

I now seriously wonder if the majority of the people who make up this country realize that when Speck is put in the electric chair, a part of humanity also sits in that neat, little "toaster." Richard F. Speck is not a wild animal that has to be shot down; he is not just a hot news item or a vent for others' pent-up sensational-
(Continued on page 23)

news and notes

• **YESTERDAY** the National Science Foundation acted on a Notre Dame request for a grant to the tune of \$4,766,000. The grant is the third largest in University history after the two Ford Foundation grants of \$6,000,000 each and the \$8,000,000 given in the will of Miss Florence Dailey. The grant is part of the University's plan to spend \$15,000,000 over the next five years for the development of science at Notre Dame.

• **THOSE TRYING** to sign up for Prof. Gerhart Niemeyer's popular Political Theory course were somewhat frustrated by the revelation that he is taking a semester's sabbatical next year. The sabbatical, financed by a Ford Foundation grant, is to be spent pursuing a phase of political philosophy that Niemeyer believes has been overlooked. His research will focus on his conclusions concerning man's intellectual rejection of the world in which he lives. Prof. Niemeyer believes that too much work has been done investigating man's "existence" in society. Too little attention has been paid to *society's* "existence." Niemeyer hopes to concern himself with the distinctions between the existence of the individual and social ethic. However, he will retain his position as a CAP advisor (the sabbatical rules allow faculty members to hold their positions on semester sabbaticals). Getting back to concrete dividends, Niemeyer admits that the market for his research will be limited, but, he feels, the personal satisfaction will be well worth the effort.

• **A SPECTACULAR DRIVE** to attract residents to the hall last week before Student Accounts could fill up the usual 150 vacancies with low average underclassmen clearly showed that hall spirit in Zahm was on the rise. This was recognized by the Hall Presidents' Council voting the former Zoo "Most Improved Hall" of the year. The "membership" drive was just the beginning of plans to keep the hall moving though. Mike Parker, hall president, and a committee of twelve are planning a "forum" for all incoming residents this Sunday. Other plans include limited summer storage on a priority basis — those staying in the hall getting first crack at the space available.

• **A NEW ERA** may be at hand in the Student Center. This week the Senate approved the reactivation of the House Committee which was set up last year to govern the operation of the Student Center. Fr. McCarragher had

previously OK'd the Student Center policy which established the committee. The Committee has full authority to institute changes in the hours and uses of the building. The reasons why the House Committee did not meet this school year are unclear, but they seem to derive from a letter written by Fr. Hesburgh to SBP Jim Fish saying that the supervisor, Br. Gorch, in conjunction with Fr. McCarragher, retains ultimate control over the Center and the "House Committee is not there to tell Brother Francis his job." Members of the House Committee include Senator Mike Green of Dillon, Mike Crutcher, Student Affairs coordinator, Tom McKenna, student body vice president, Fr. McCarragher, and one of the



student, student center managers. Br. Gorch sits on the committee as a nonvoting member. Within the next two weeks the Committee will take an inspection tour of the building in order to determine the changes necessary for the more effective use of the Center.

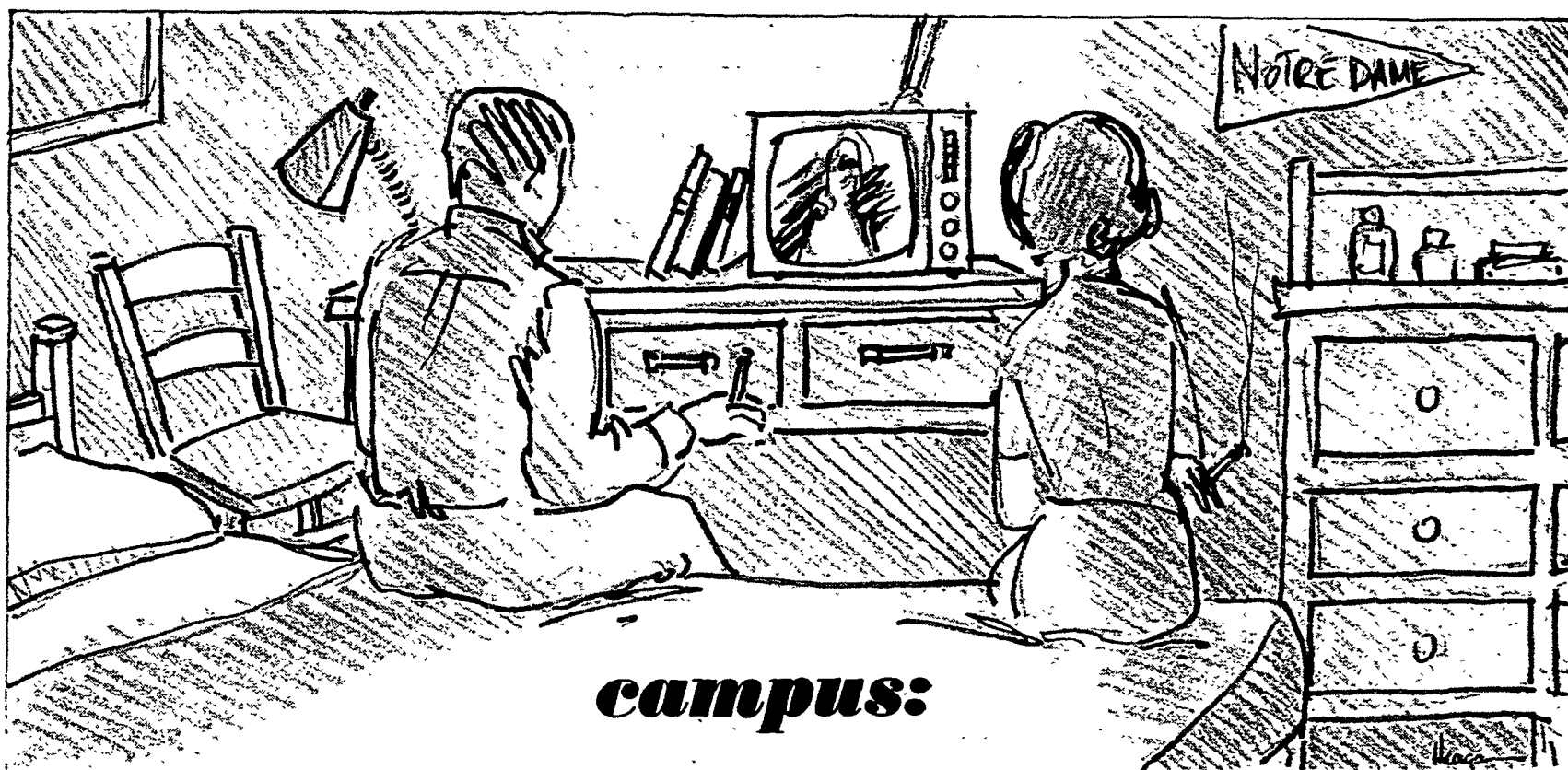
• **FOR THE PAST** two weeks, small groups of Notre Dame and St. Mary's students under the direction of Jerry O'Brien, new head of the Student Government Civil Rights Commission, have been spending their weekends renovating the second floor of a two story building in the center of the West Washington neighborhood of South Bend—one of the five Negro ghettos in the city. After the cleaning and painting has been completed, the rooms will be turned into an apartment for three students who will work full time on neighborhood development in the area this summer. The

first floor of the structure, which is owned by St. Augustine's Church, and which is being offered to the students free of charge, has been used as a youth center and will probably be reopened under the direction of the new Notre Dame volunteers. Other expenses incurred by the activists will be covered by the Community Services Board of the university, the head of which is Hank Topper. In September, four or five students will hopefully replace the summer volunteers in the apartment and continue their work during the academic year.

• **AIDING VARIOUS** non-profit organizations in their spring repairs and cleanup on May 20 will be a number of students from Notre Dame and St. Mary's in the university's annual Help Week project. This Blue Circle activity has been aided this year by a student government appropriation of \$200 from the Mardi Gras charity fund. Among those institutions to be brightened up by the pseudo-W.P.A. groups will be the South Bend Old Folks' Home, the South Bend Council for the Retarded office and its grounds, and the Healthwin Hospital.

• **THERE'S A NEW LOOK** in Freshman Orientation next fall. The Freshman Action Committee, under co-chairmen Rich Heidecker and John Davis, will provide fifty freshmen a semester with an intimate look into student life at Notre Dame. Each week, the fifty freshmen will meet with different leaders from student government, campus publications and other student activities. Applications for the committee will be accepted during orientation week, and then be carefully screened to provide a cross section of the incoming freshman class. Hopefully, these fifty will communicate their findings to their classmates. FAC also has plans for aiding the organization of section and hall government in freshman halls that request assistance.

• **LOOKING** to spend your summer in South Bend? The Notre Dame-South Bend Relations Committee of Student Government is looking for twenty-five qualified juniors and seniors to be placed in responsible summer internships with Bendix Corp., Uniroyal Inc. and other local firms. Positions being sought are in supervisory work, staff work and those that require specialized knowledge and skills. Last year's internees averaged \$475 per month. One further prerequisite — you must be planning on attending graduate school.



campus:

THE TOUGHEST NUT OF ALL

In the midst of secret meetings of hall councils, a senior committee, a "nut committee," student government Executive Orders and a position rationale, an attempt by the Murphy Administration to press the University for parietal hours in the Notre Dame residence halls died last week.

Tom Brislin, Murphy's campaign manager, and currently serving as Hall Life Coordinator in the Murphy cabinet, started the ball rolling when he called a special committee together on the night of April 25. This "Parietal Hours Steering Committee," according to Brislin, was composed of about twenty men, including such varied personalities as SBP candidates Ron Messina and Denny O'Dea, ex-SCHOLASTIC editor Dan Murray, Class of '69 President Rick Rembush, and SBVP Tom McKenna. These men, together with others of prominence in Notre Dame student affairs, met to consider a radical proposal for parietal hours, in which the respective hall councils would pass secret resolutions on the night of T. H. E. Prom, declaring that women would in fact be admitted to Notre Dame residence halls from that weekend on.

Brislin had worked out an elaborate timetable, which culminated in an open demonstration of student protest, complete with press coverage and SMC support, and even to include a "general gripe ad in the Chicago Sun-Times." At the meeting on the 25th this proposal was toned down considerably by the committee. It was finally decided after a long soul-searching discussion that the answer lay not in open defiance or rebellion,

but rather in the hands of the president of the student body.

The decision was then made that Chris Murphy (who was absent from the meeting due to an asthma attack) was to issue an Executive Order on the night of May 5, stating that the halls would now be open to women, and to have each hall council simultaneously endorse the order. At the same time a committee of seniors was to organize a 300-man demonstration before the Old-Timers' Game in front of the new Convocation Center, protesting the overemphasis of athletics at Notre Dame and the absence of parietal hours. This protest committee would consist mainly of fellowship winners.

The "nut committee," as Brislin termed it at the meeting, would be under the direction of Pat Collins, editor of *The Observer*. It was responsible for the circulation of "radical literature" on parietal hours during the week before T. H. E. Prom. All this, coupled with papers from Frs. Nouwen, Burtchaell, and Burrell and Prof. Hassenger backing the proposal would climax with Murphy's order of Friday night.

However, on the 27th the ASP met, and decided that the idea was preposterous, ill-conceived, ill-timed, and childish, and refused to support the Murphy-Brislin plan of attack. That same night, outgoing SBP Jim Fish offered to join with ASP in a statement condemning the proposal. So, as a result of ASP action, all coercive plans were dropped.

Bill Kelly, ASP senator from Alumni, defended the party's position on the grounds that it would have been

out of character for ASP which ran in the last election on a platform of "dialogue before demonstration," to support an opposite position on this issue. Since Brislin's people had not even attempted to go through channels on the matter, ASP felt that it could not support them.

The 29th saw another meeting of the Steering Committee, and there it was decided to draw up a five-point rationale which Murphy would present to the Administration and the Board of Trustees, as well as the Alumni Senate, which was to convene on Old-Timers' weekend. At the same time, statements of support were secured from each Hall Council favoring the presence of women in the dorms on weekend afternoons, for the rest of the year. The rationale consisted of a statement of Student-Administration dialogue: the repudiation by the University six years ago of its "*in loco parentis*" attitude toward the students, the reality of Hall Autonomy, a plea for "social normality," and finally a statement that, since the University wants to keep football in perspective, the reality of parietal hours only on football Saturdays placed undue emphasis on athletics. The final proposal has been ignored by the Administration, tabled by the Lay Board of Trustees, and decried as "socialism on the campus" (Brislin's phrase) by the Alumni Senate. An out of touch Alumni, an apathetic Student Body, and an icy Administration, all combined last week to kill all hope of parietal hours for the present academic year. Next fall will see Brislin and Murphy continuing this quest for parietal hours



HELLMUTH, HESBURGH, STEPHAN, KENNA
Lay trustee board: no radical changes



DEAN O'MEARA
C.O. viciousness

as a part of hall autonomy, a quest which Rev. Charles I. McCarragher, C.S.C., has termed the "toughest nut of all to crack."

— J. B.

THE WINDS OF CHANGE

Last Friday Notre Dame became the first major Catholic university to be governed by a body in which laymen predominate. The new supreme board of governance will go by the amicable name of the Board of Fellows, whose twelve seats are divided evenly between laymen and priests of the Congregation of Holy Cross. These same six priests previously exercised supreme control of the University in the old Board of Trustees; they are Fr. John E. Walsh, Vice-President for Academic Affairs; Fr. John J. Cavanaugh, former president; Fr. Howard J. Kenna, Provincial Superior; Fr. Edmund P. Joyce, Executive Vice-President; Fr. Charles I. McCarragher, Vice-President for Student Affairs; and Fr. Theodore M. Hesburgh, President of the University. The lay Fellows are all members of the old Advisory Board of Lay Trustees: I. A. O'Shaughnessy, oil executive; Edmund Stephan, lawyer; Bernard Voll, machine-tool tycoon; J. Peter Grace, shipping magnate and this year's Laetare medalist; and Paul Helmuth, another lawyer.

The Fellows elected themselves and the old advisory lay trustees to the new Board of Trustees, to which the Fellows delegated most of their governing power over the University. The Fellows, however, retained the power to elect trustees, to alter or amend the bylaws of the University, to approve the transfer or disposal of Uni-

versity property, and to maintain "the essential character of the University as a Catholic institution of higher learning." All these powers may be exercised only by a two-thirds majority vote. Fr. Hesburgh said that the exercise of this fourth power would be the major duty of the Board of Fellows. When asked to specify what was encompassed by this nebulous phrase, Fr. Hesburgh was unable to say anything definite, although he drew attention to his preface to the *Faculty Manual*, which he offered as one opinion out of many possible. Edmund Stephan, the new chairman of the Board of Trustees, allayed the fears of those who thought that the concern for the preservation of the "Catholic character" of this institution would be used to try to justify interference in everyday workings of the University. The Board's powers would only be used infrequently, he said.

Stephan also said that there would be no radical changes in the policy of the University, since the present innovations were of a purely legal and not practical nature. The now-defunct clerical Board did not take any major step without consulting and securing the approval of the old Lay Board whose members now compose the new Board.

Stephan threw cold water over the hopes of those students who saw in the new trustees a way to circumvent the intransigence of the Administration on various issues, particularly that of parietal hours. When asked if the trustees would recognize Student Government as the negotiating agency for the student body, Stephan replied that negotiations with the students

would bring demands for negotiations with other campus groups such as the faculty and staff. This would consume so much of the Board's time that it would not be able to attend to its primary duties. Stephan relegated the duty of negotiating with the students to the Administration, and in particular he handed the Administration the question of parietal hours. The Board did not receive the petition on parietal hours which various campus figures had planned to present.

The new Board of Trustees also approved a new *Faculty Manual* which is the fruit of two years of consideration by faculty committees, the Academic Council and the Administration. Like the reorganization of the Board of Trustees, the *Faculty Manual* is, in part, the anointing of customary practices with the unction of formal law. It reaffirms the University's commitment to academic freedom and specifies the responsibilities of the institution and individual faculty member towards its implementation. It also creates committees in each department which are to be consulted on promotions and appointments within the specific department. Finally, the *Manual* creates a Faculty Senate to serve as an intermediary between the various committees on the departmental and collegiate level and the Academic Council of the University.

— T. P.

IRREPARABLE HARM

"Martin Luther King, Stokeley Carmichael, and others like them . . . should be prosecuted. Such persons are doing irreparable harm to the



ALUMNI "APPRECIATING" THE CHANGES HERE
Coming back for the Old Timers' weekend

cause of civil rights by seeking to link the civil rights movement with their own criminal attempts to persuade young men to avoid military service."

So spoke Joseph O'Meara, Dean of Notre Dame's Law School and long a prominent supporter of the civil rights movement and the American Civil Liberties Union, lashing out against the "war against what is called our 'involvement' in Viet Nam" at the Laws Honors Banquet of ND's Law School May 1.

While he acknowledged that some who object to the war "are motivated by strongly held moral principles," O'Meara charged that, "For the most part . . . the objectors are either Communists, or traitors or cowards . . . stooges, or persons who are seeking some end of their own (ambition, revenge or whatever) at the expense of their country."

In King's recent announcement of his "Viet Nam Summer," which will include antidraft activities, King claimed that jailing Cassius Clay would encourage "thousands and thousands" of refusals to enter the armed forces among "Negro and white students who are going to be cast in the role of going to jail rather than fighting." O'Meara took a strong stand on "urging young men to 'become' conscientious objectors," calling it "a vicious absurdity, which is nothing less than urging them to become perjurers and hypocrites." Those who criticize the war because of strong moral convictions deserve respect, said O'Meara, but he added, "the Constitution gives no right to obstruct the war effort, as by attempting to persuade young men to refuse to bear arms for their Country. Such at-

tempts are forbidden by Federal statutes."

Five of the ten members of the Law School teaching faculty released a statement May 4 emphasizing that O'Meara's remarks constituted only a personal opinion, and not that of the Law School. Directly challenging O'Meara's basic contention, the five agreed that "as lawyers, in our judgment the public utterances of Dr. King and Stokely Carmichael to which Joseph O'Meara refers cannot constitute violations of any valid law." [See letters page.]

O'Meara refused to indicate into which category he would place King and Carmichael, (Communist, stooge, self-seeking individual, etc.). "I'm not going to go any farther than I have. I see no reason to go any farther," he said.

As he had never before publicly expressed his views on civil rights leaders' antidraft activities, there has been speculation that his statement was prompted by his retirement as Dean, effective this June. However, O'Meara disavowed any link between the impending retirement and his remarks, explaining that he had just never had occasion to express his convictions on the topic in public. O'Meara was impelled to speak on behalf of the war effort because, in his words, "I believe in law observance and in the right of self-preservation."

— K. C.

RE-EDUCATING THE ALUMNI

The newly formed Alumni Senate met last weekend to help fill the communications gap which exists between the Alumni Board and the 40,000 rank-and-file alumni. This first Sen-

ate consists of the presidents of 85 geographical alumni clubs, but it is hoped that this system of representation will be superseded by a system in which the various clubs elect senators, freeing the club presidents to perform their original duties. The Alumni Senate is not designed to participate in the formation of University policy, but rather to keep the alumni at home informed of developments and changes that take place here.

The agenda of the Senate meeting consisted of discussions with the Alumni Board and Administration officials on such subjects as continuing education, admissions, athletics, student affairs and religious citizenship, academic affairs, and public relations and development. On Friday afternoon, Chris Murphy, Student Body President, and Jim Fish, his predecessor, spoke to the alumni. Both discussed the state of the student body, the activities of the Student Government, and their own programs, particularly in the social, cultural and academic spheres of student life. When one alumnus inquired why they had omitted any discussion of the religious dimensions of student life, Fish replied that approximately 50 percent of the student body does not practice the Catholic religion as it was practiced twenty years ago. Some alumni reacted to Fish's announcement with expressions of shock. Later in the afternoon, Fr. Joseph W. Hoffman, University chaplain, told the agitated alumni that the problems of religion at Notre Dame were reflections of the problems which exist in the Church at large and in society. In explaining the incident, Fish said that the cause of the uproar was that some of the alumni, whose children are not of college age, were suddenly told that the school to which they had been giving money no longer existed. They could not quite comprehend the changes in religious values. Nor the students' desire to have a greater voice in the policy-making processes of the University.

James Cooney, the executive secretary of the Alumni Association, who was responsible for the organization of the Senate meeting, saw the events of the weekend as a program of continuing education. He said that in his opinion the University had a duty towards its graduates to keep them informed on the vital questions which affect life in modern society. Cooney felt that the Alumni had left with an appreciation that Notre Dame is changing to meet the demands placed on a modern educational institution, and that these changes are largely for the better.

— T. P.

THE SHAPE of CATHOLIC HIGHER EDUCATION

EDITED BY ROBERT HASSENGER
WITH A FOREWORD BY DAVID RIESMAN



by Tom Henehan

“WE DO NOT claim a definitive book . . . [Our] chief concern at this point is to present a series of portraits and snapshots; some are largely based on data, others are of a more reportorial — even personal — character . . .”

Robert Hassenger, young Notre Dame sociologist, thus opens his new volume, *The Shape of Catholic Higher Education*. Published by the University of Chicago Press this month, the book is the first attempt at any kind of an exhaustive study of the Catholic colleges; it is, by and large, a successful attempt. Hassenger, who edited the work and wrote six of the fifteen selections, presents a representative range of opinion in several essays, along with suitable factual background, particularly a fine historical view by Notre Dame historian Philip Gleason. All is presented in layman's terms, although the extensive surveys and footnoting seem to indicate that professional social scientists will make use of the volume.

The foreword by David Riesman is perhaps the book's outstanding selection. In light of the facts and opinions in the book, the famed sociologist makes some appropriate remarks on the favorite topics — lay vs. clerical control, the future of Newman Clubs, coeducation, small schools, etc. — but also makes some remarkably incisive remarks on often-neglected details. For example, he points out

that the real radicals turned out by Catholic schools (draft card burners, Catholic Workers, etc.) come from the tiny, isolated schools, where they are alone in a conservative, conventional milieu; large, “emancipated” universities tend to produce more complacent liberals. Riesman read some remarks about the “pastoral gap” at Notre Dame made by students at the time of Ralph Martin's letter last spring, and immediately detected the seeds of Pentecostalism in a prevailing discontent with the rigid institutionalism of the Church.

Two chapters on “General Perspectives” open the book proper. Hassenger's introductory “College and Catholics” is a very general sketch of the present state of affairs in our schools. Undoubtedly, the general view given here is invaluable for the reader unfamiliar with Catholic education; but any Notre Dame student could benefit only from the chapter's concluding remarks on the social scientist's tools and methods for this type of study.

Chapter II is Gleason's “American Catholic Higher Education: A Historical Perspective.” No one can afford to pass this selection by. Dr. Gleason presents a thorough picture of the American Church in its institutional development, its ideological estrangement from the mainstream of the country, and its gradual escape from social and ethnic isolation.

After a few remarks on the growing numbers of Catholics in college, Gleason shows us the problems of maturation for the immigrant Church, the great problem of Catholicism since the first Irish immigrations in the last century. A great deal of attention is given to Orestes A. Brownson, famous benefactor of Notre Dame, who made some brilliant criticisms of the 19th-century Church. Enjoying the unique position of an Anglo-Saxon New England intellectual converted to Catholicism, he could see the problems that we are only beginning to attack now, and bluntly told his stubborn Irish brethren “that the American nationality was already set in a basically Anglo-Saxon mold, that they would have to conform to it whether they liked it or not, and that the sooner they disassociated their faith from their alien nationality, the better would Catholicism thrive in the United States.”

However, Brownson's voice was drowned out by the shouts of protest in the face of Know-Nothingism, so the development of the typical Catholic to a state of typical Americanism was delayed for nearly a century. Gleason traces this growth, led by the Irish, who established themselves early and escaped the language problem.

Turning to the specific institutional problems of the colleges, Gleason details the structure of the French and Jesuit models of early Catholic schools, in contrast to the German universities and British colleges serving as patterns for American secular institutions. The rise of accrediting agencies and subsequent adjustments by some Catholic colleges — and extinction of others — show the roots of today's educational framework. Gleason then analyzes the ideological difficulties involved in developing the convent schools and seminaries of the last century into rigorous, scholarly centers of research and inquiry.

This development into twentieth-century academia and the change it entails in the philosophy of education is now the Church's most critical problem, we are told.

The next four chapters, two profiles of individual colleges and two studies of the effect of Catholic schools on their graduates, are the most rigidly factual parts of the book and the least attractive to the layman. The most fascinating aspect of these surveys was not any convincing conclusion, but rather the maze of self-defeating factors involved in the surveys. Two questionnaires designed to describe the academic environment of a given school relied on the opinions of the students, but, as Riesman pointed out in the introduction, "... dissent is a sign of life," and "... [students'] unflattering picture of alma mater is good testimony to the latter's quality." A third method "assumes a relationship between the type of student attracted to the campus and the characteristics of the college environment." But Riesman again warns us to measure a school's worth, not by the entering class, but by the change seen in the graduates; Hassenger's fine concluding chapter points up the same problem by noting that Notre Dame attracts the bright but unintellectual high-schooler, then converts him (often enough) to some kind of commitment or scholarship.

Robert Weiss' environmental study and Hassenger's look at "The Impact of Catholic Colleges" are so riddled with ambiguity and generalization in their attempt to speak for Catholic higher education as a whole that they can be justified only as a basis for future professional research. On the other hand, Hassenger's study of students at the anonymous "Mary College," and Julian Foster's case study of the University of Santa Clara are fascinating in their detail and somewhat conclusive, although the general conclusions of these factual chapters are, I am afraid, evident to all but the most myopic or those unfamiliar with any Catholic college or university.

"Controversy on the Catholic Campus" is the title of the next part of the book, and the four critical essays in this section comprise the book's most fascinating reading. John Leo, an associate editor of *Commonweal*, treats the faculty as a "problem area" by surveying the recent upheaval at St. John's University in New York. Leo describes the campus as "several stark, squat, and isolated buildings that suggest the most for the money with no nonsense about esthetics. . . . Even with students milling around, the campus has a way of looking unoccupied. It is cold, almost brutal. . . ." The account never becomes any more sympathetic. Leo's total outrage, his delight in using horrendous quotes from the Vincentian Fathers, and his understandable refusal to present both sides of a ridiculous argument are a refreshing change from the factual dissections of the previous chapters.

Discussing the priest-scholar, Robert McNamara, S.J., outlines a plan to give seminarians a better academic education as well as a more thorough integration into American life. He calls for abolition of the many small, inadequate seminaries and their replacement with residences on

the campuses of large, excellent Catholic universities. Thus, the seminarians could take advantage of the diverse academic programs, and participate in the realistic community life of a coeducational institution. Father McNamara's contribution might well be read by those who insist that an all-male "tradition" provides the best education, not only for future priests, but for good Catholic boys as well.

"The Student" is the title of Hassenger's contribution to this survey. He presents a survey taken by Gerry Rauch, a Notre Dame senior, presenting the reactions of Catholic and ex-Catholic students here to Ralph Martin's complaints of a "pastoral gap." The students' reaction against priest-scholars and priest-policemen has already been noted in discussing Riesman's introduction.

Francis E. Kearns, a former Georgetown professor, tells of his experience with the hierarchy of a Jesuit university. Apart from a few protestations of the support of many students and young Jesuits in a generally progressive institution, the tone of this chapter is at least as irreverent as John Leo's on St. John's. Kearns' tale is almost unbelievable in its irony: he wrote an article chiding Georgetown's failure to support racial justice and academic freedom, and was subsequently fired for "incompetence" just as he received both a prize as the university's outstanding teacher and a Fulbright professorship.

The concluding chapters concern the "Future of Catholic Higher Education." Paul J. Reiss has a very lengthy essay, telling us that Catholic colleges are improving as colleges by means of secularization, but that this seems to be done at the cost of continuing to be Catholic. This "built-in tension," he tells us in a twenty-two-page article, makes things difficult.

Father John Whitney Evans writes a passionate apology for Newman Clubs and hints that apostolic work on secular campuses will become the Church's exclusive place in higher education. His essay is perceptive and pleasant to read, although one feels he is somewhat optimistic in interpreting modern youth's quest for meaning and interest in social justice as a fertile ground for traditional Catholicism.

Hassenger concludes his vision of the future shape of the colleges with a quick and thorough summary of the various problems of the institutions, their control, their size, their traditions, and the people who make them, and points to greater concentration on undergraduate education in a smaller number of large colleges as one answer. Graduate scholarship could continue with a special concentration in philosophy, theology, medieval literature and other fields especially suited to scholars brought up in the Catholic tradition. And as Catholics lose the last traces of their immigrant heritage, as laymen take greater responsibility and priests and religious advance in scholarship, and as students grow up to take their places in secular society, Catholic schools will cease to be places for laymen trying to act like priests and priests trying to act like laymen, and will take their place in the intellectual community. ■

The First Desk

... a strange story

by Jamie McKenna

ON THE fourth floor of the Administration Building is a desk. Archetypal the desk is. Mythic in essence. How old this desk is no one knows but it was one of the first Notre Dame desks. The chair seems gnarled, with blackened wood and a top that, strangely, is covered completely with writings. Oh, not those of many desks, words from starving minds. These writings start at the top right side and run to the end of the paddle arm. They were carefully carved, by a careful man with a safety pin gleaned each week from a laundry bundle. The letters are neat, the phrasing correct, and the story this desk tells is at once stirring and true. It was carved many years ago and not done in a day, nor a week. Indeed, it took four years and unaccountable trouble. He began it as a freshman during Biblical Theology, taught by a then young rector named Miceli. Head bent over desk, brows furrowed, he appeared but another student. He began his task cheerfully, secure in his theme, with the aim of telling a story of his youth. Not any story but one of those few events that dam a life's stream, turn its course. He thought at first it would take perhaps a month to carve, but second semester moved nearer and he had only six lines completed. He registered for God in the Modern World, which took over the classroom, and when June arrived

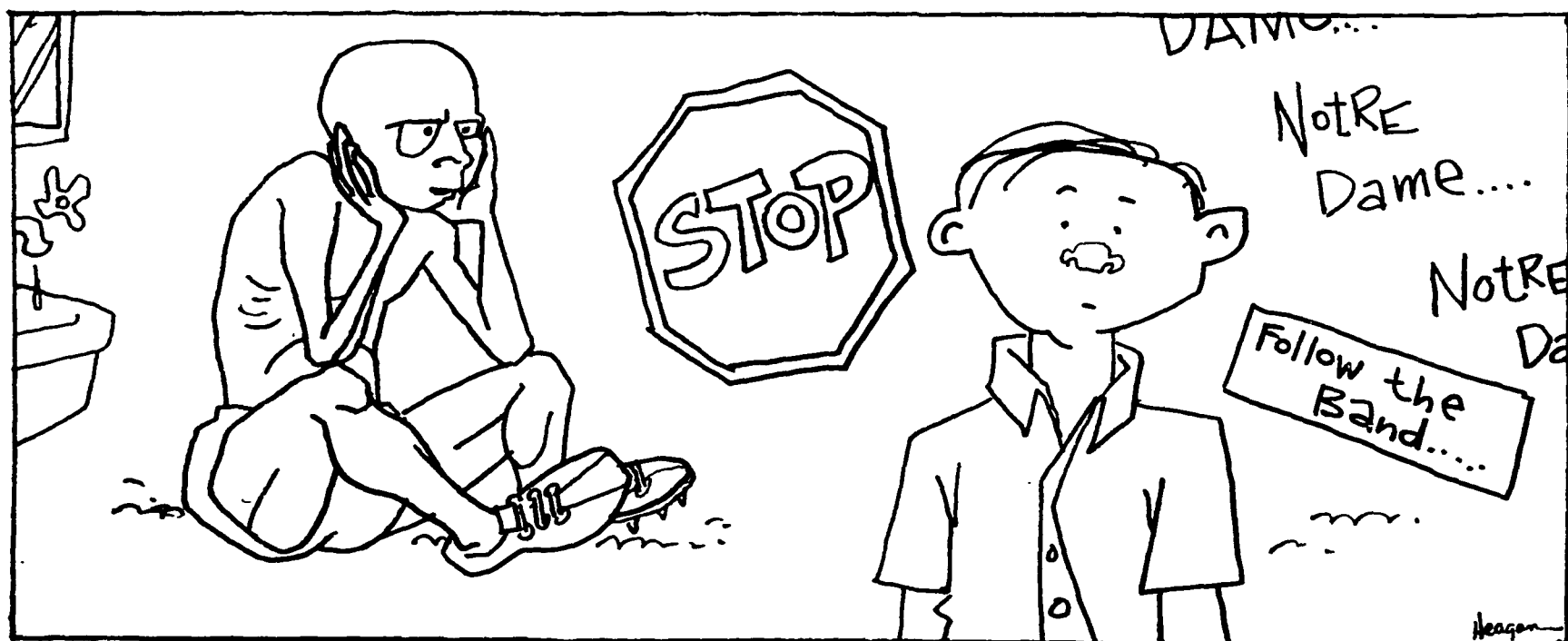
only one fourth of the story had been told. He resolved that it would be finished and for the next years was forced to take such courses as Theology of St. John, Hebrew Language II, Pastoral Workshop and many others. The room (and the desk of course) seemed reserved for Theology courses. The telling of the story had become an obsession and by the end of sophomore year the close work had taken its toll and he was fitted with spectacles. With junior year half gone and with already over twenty theology credits, he was forced to switch his major from Aerospace Engineering to Theology so that he might graduate. In Senior year, with desk space running out, it became necessary to sit in his desk backwards so as to write on the chair's arm. His eyesight was rapidly deteriorating and it was a strange sight indeed to see him screw a jeweler's glass into his eye and, turning his now-hunched back on the teacher, begin to carve his mysterious story. What was this tale he told? It sits there still, on the Administration Building's fourth floor. Go there now and read it. Or, linger awhile, and read it here.

"Today," he carved, taking great care and not a little time with an elaborate Gothic "T," "is my first at Notre Dame. There is a story I must tell." He got no further that first

day, but the day after the next, and for four years, he continued: "When I was seventeen and a senior in high school, three acceptances from colleges, more or less of my choosing, were delivered by our mailman. I had applied to Scranton University for their dairy hygiene program and had sent along a fourteen-page recommendation from our milkman, a kindly old man who wrote rather large and in crayon and whose letter gave considerable bulk to my application. Mount St. Mary's College, which is in Emmitsburg, Maryland and not a mile from our property, had also accepted me. Rather than bother with a formal application I had scribbled on the back of a high-school transcript the course of the college's water lines which ran, gratis, through our property; and tying it to a rock, tossed it through the president's window. Also, Notre Dame said yes. You understand now the problem. Which college should I attend?"

You must realize that Notre Dame's reputation had not really reached the Maryland mountains and my family, teachers, friends, no one could really help me. Finally I went to our parish pastor. He had been converted to the path of Christ as a youth while playing football. There had only been one man between himself and the goal line and he had seen, quite clearly, Mother Seton come up from behind and clip the defender. Needless to say, he was interviewed immediately by a Devil's Advocate from Rome, a sharp-nosed Jesuit who had tempered his skepticism somewhat with a scholarship to play football for Holy Cross. Again, however, my request went unanswered. "But," he said, "there is one who could help. One who, in fact, has attended one of the very schools

(Continued on page 22)





"It all began with the Farley Fast"

by Mike McInerney

"Most people hated me." Lenny Joyce leaned back from the steaming coffee, the same old blue-gene shirt hung over his big frame, the same shirt he had worn during the campaign last year. Just another second-semester senior he sat sipping his coffee in the International room of the student center and remembered four years of Notre Dame. "I guess the Popular Front was the most exciting thing that happened to me here . . ."

The Popular Front. Some one-hundred feet and fourteen months from where he now sat. A lazy spring afternoon, not unlike the present, Lenny lay slumped in an easy chair in the student center lobby, fast asleep. "Say, you're Lenny Joyce, right?" "Ummm?" "Is it true you're running for student body president?" "It's true."

The whole thing seemed a joke from the start. When the two contenders started debating which would have the honor of introducing the 'Stones' to the student body, could one really be expected to take seriously the candidacy of a liberal long-hair—especially with the 'record' of a Lenny Joyce? Yet there they were, just twelve months ago, chalking up the vote. And when they finished Lenny and the Popular Front would call a full-third of it their own.

This story has many beginnings because Lenny Joyce did many things in his four years here. But for Lenny, "It all began with the Farley Fast." That was in the fall of '65, the fall before the Popular Front. It was a pitifully small war protest really. One wonders how Huntley-Brinkley even got wind of it. But then things like that happen at Notre Dame. Many students first heard about the infamous fast in the Farley Hall chapel via letters from parents

who had seen it on T.V.

"That fast polarized people. A lot of hesitant people who were waiting and watching us were forced to make a decision for or against us. The people that joined us (S.D.S.) then, have been with us ever since. "I'm not a pacifist," he says, "but I oppose this war. With the Fast and the coverage we got—we mobilized opinion against ourselves." And his little 'group' moved closer together.

After the Fast the group formalized—as much as a group like S.D.S. can or ever will formalize. Those were strange days indeed. While students rioted in places like Berkeley and Ann Arbor, Notre Dame, incredibly—yet very peacefully, got along with virtually no campus political activity. Of course there were the Young Democrats. And Republicans. And both were highly restricted.

S.D.S. broke the restrictions. "We tried to get official Administration recognition from McCarragher. He said to do so he'd have to have to have a full membership list which both the FBI wanted and he wanted to give to them. We said no. We wouldn't subject ourselves to that." (S.D.S. is still not officially recognized by the Administration.

S.D.S. and Lenny Joyce organized the massive Vietnam teach-in around the same time. 700 attended the pro-con debate. But the FBI takes to teach-ins with the same debonaire it once reserved for the likes of Machine Gun Kelly. "The FBI never contacted me personally, but they contacted all my friends and acquaintances. You'd be suprised how fast you lose friends when they find out the FBI is 'investigating' you."

He says with a certain amount of pride and inevitability, "We've been harassed of course—threatened with violence, beatings, etc. I remember that fall when we were leafleting the campus with anti-war sheets. An ex-marine threatened some of my smaller friends. He didn't do too much to me though. I was as big as he was."

Lenny Joyce is big: he could and did play football. He was all-state for Boston College High School (Jesuit). "I was offered a scholarship to play for Boston College but I wanted to play for Notre Dame." The

football fever wore off soon after his arrival as a freshman at Canaugh Hall; there were other things to occupy his time. One interest included the other freshmen in his wing: Bob Anson, Jamie McKenna, Carl Magel, and others.

When Alabama's George Wallace came to town Lenny helped organize Cavanaugh as part of a campus-wide protest. "We had people in two lines wrapped one-and-a-half times around the field house" in which Wallace was speaking. "It was beautiful." The following year Lenny helped organize the Civil Rights Commission of student government.

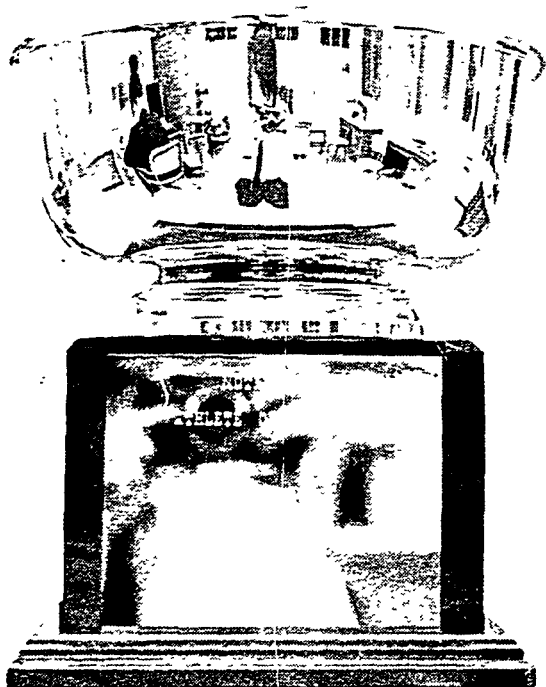
The spring of his sophomore year he took part in and helped to organize the Easter trip to help rebuild the burned and bombed-out churches of Meridian, Mississippi.

Then came junior year and the Farley Fast. SDS and the teach-in quickly followed and by now Lenny was known by most students to be a Very Dangerous and Radical Person. Then the Dunn-Fish student body president race just a little over a year ago. Disaffection with the Rolling Stones, a symbolically insignificant issue, brought on the Popular Front. Lenny remembers:

"I was living off campus at the time. One night I came on campus, picked up a lot of campaign material, and, just out of curiosity I guess,

(Continued on page 25)





Athlete of the Year:

JIM LYNCH

AS TOLD TO BILL SWEENEY

Jim Lynch sat in his room in the basement of Sorin Hall last Sunday night, feeling "genuinely surprised" by his overwhelming selection as Athlete of the Year. The trophy on his desk helped to offset the infamous photo of Lynch which appeared in a national magazine after the Michigan State game, and which he now keeps framed above his bed. "Keeps me humble," he explained. Lynch swelled with pride, though, when he began to reminisce about the times and the people that made his outstanding career possible; about the teammates, coaches, and fellow students of the last four years.

"FOR ME Notre Dame was simply the best around. My brother Tom pressured me a little to go to Annapolis after they gave me an appointment, and I also got offers from Purdue, Ohio State and others. But the choice came down to Navy or Notre Dame. I didn't want the military life though, and Notre Dame, I thought, offered me the best Catholic liberal arts college in the country. Football was only a small part of the reason, because it was the good education I wanted most. Some guys have the Notre Dame tradition running in their family, but not me. And back then Notre Dame wasn't winning football games too consistently. If I wanted to play for a football factory I'd never have come here.

"In my sophomore year, when Parseghian came, things began to happen. Although we almost won the national championship, the team attitude was completely different from this year's. Nobody expected us to do well, much less win a national championship. Guys like Snowden and Farrell were used to going into a quiet locker room after a game, without reporters and all the things

that go with winning. Then all of a sudden we were ranked in the polls and got national attention. The guys reacted differently, since the success we had was beyond our wildest dreams. Complacency was no problem.

"This past year was different; everyone had come to expect great things from our football teams. The turning point of the season was that Oklahoma game. Until then we were relatively untested. People said we might have been lucky against Purdue. Army and North Carolina they called weak sisters. But Oklahoma was ranked number ten in the nation, and going down there it seemed like we would have to play the whole state. It was like walking into a lion's den, and we were all pretty nervous before the game. But after we'd gone on the field and beaten them so convincingly, we knew we had the makings of a championship team.

"I'd have to say that the most exciting game I've played in was at

Michigan State. The emotional build-up and the publicity were just tremendous. I was especially proud of the way the defense played. When they had us 10-0 and began to drive, the game could have turned into a rout right there. But the defense pulled together and held State scoreless for the second half. It was an honor just to be part of that defense.

"But I wouldn't be proud of a football team just because they were the roughest and toughest in the country. The men who played for us this year were more than national champions. We had guys like Duranko, Horney, Hardy. . . . Take John Horney. In my opinion he was an outstanding football player. But he isn't going to play any more ball; he's going to Marquette University to study medicine. A few years ago Father Hesburgh set his goal as striving for excellence. I think that the guys on the team this year have upheld this image of Notre Dame football both on and off the field. All this Notre Dame Man and Tradition business used to seem pretty phony to me. When I first got here I couldn't get far enough away from the Grotto, but after four years it grows on you. I think everyone who comes to Notre Dame eventually develops a school spirit, but in his own way and his own different form.

"As far as football goes, it's true we have some great athletes — I don't know how we'll ever replace Nick Eddy, for example. But I suppose ultimately our success all goes back to the coaches. You can't find two better coaches in the country than Parseghian and Ray. Ara more than anything else has given us a sense of confidence and pride. Take a team like Duke that gets beaten 64-0. When we stepped on the field we couldn't even imagine losing a game that badly. We were confident that our personnel was adequate and that we were fully prepared for the game. John Ray is the type who will chew your butt off until you do the right thing. But when Coach Ray says you've done your job well, it means the world to you. I



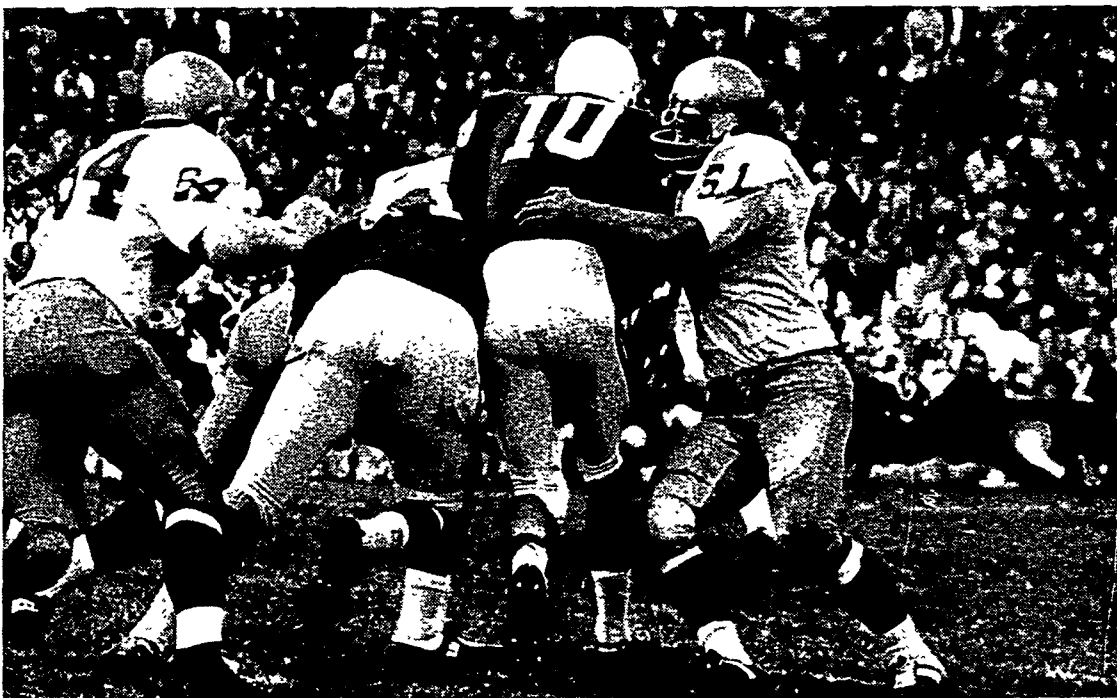
have great respect for all of our coaches.

"As for my future, I hope to sign shortly with the Kansas City Chiefs, and also to go to law school at the University of Missouri. Combining those two should be quite a challenge. I'm looking forward to playing for Coach Stram at Kansas City. I understand he coached here once under Terry Brennan, so I should be right at home.

"When I look back on these last three years, the biggest moment was my election as captain of the team. There are leaders and there are leaders. The meaning depends on the men that elect you. If I were captain of a team of football bums, it wouldn't mean much. The difference lies in the people you represent. I told you before about the type of man we have playing for us, and I meant every word of it. You may be able to find a case or two to the contrary, but overall they are a great bunch of guys. It was a great source of pride to me that they picked me to represent them.

"Receiving the Athlete of the Year trophy affected me in the same way that my selection as captain did. It really means more than the Maxwell Trophy [awarded annually to the year's outstanding college football player] because it comes from some people whose opinion I truly respect — the Notre Dame student body. They're a great bunch of guys and they make Notre Dame what it is. I value their opinion more than any other. The fact that they have voted me this trophy means more to me than I can say. It's great to receive awards from sportswriters, but it's different when you know that you have won the respect of the guys you've lived with for four years.

"One last point I'd like to make. Some people think that football is overemphasized and overdone here. They seem to think that it can't fit in with the pursuit of excellence at Notre Dame. I don't agree. Football contributes to the life of both the players and students. At pep rallies the students actually become a part of the team. Even though we might look passive and uninterested, it gives us a tremendous boost to know that the rest of Notre Dame is behind us. When we come off the field and they give us a standing ovation, believe me, we're aware of it, and we appreciate it. I can't emphasize enough my belief that every game Notre Dame wins is a result of an attitude built up by the entire school. Football, I'm sure, will always play an important and useful role in Notre Dame's future."



A Horse of a Different Color



It was all so fitting and proper that it should rain on Derby Day — the weather added a new dimension to the “too-bad-ness” of the 93rd running of the greatest of American thoroughbred races. With the rain came the mud; fine, splattering mud that would make for a slow track; dirty, caking mud that would follow home the thousands who came to see the horses and the color, and the many thousands more who had come just to be colorful. by Tony Ingraffea

FOR A FEW cities in the United States each year, a major sports spectacular is a socioeconomic boon. Many people and much money flow into the city — wholesome entertainment and a happy Chamber of Commerce are the result. Pasadena, Indianapolis and the World Series cities are lucky cities.

Churchill Downs, and the corner of Fourth and Broadway in Louisville, Kentucky, are centers of activity for the oldest of these American sports spectacles, the Kentucky Derby. On the busy downtown intersection banners embroidered with rose-wreathed thoroughbreds hang from each lamp-post, crowds fill the bars and night-clubs and watch parades for a week before Derby Day. But last year over-10,000 vacationing college students wrought upon Louisville what they've been wreaking upon Fort Lauderdale for years — mayhem. They mobbed Fourth and Broadway, and did what 10,000 vacationing students are wont to do: blocked traffic, smashed windows, rioted, overturned cars. The expected results followed: dogs, police, nightsticks, stitches and 200 arrests. So this year, Fourth and Broadway was roped off for blocks in all directions, hundreds of steel-helmeted police armed with special “Louisville Slugger” 30-inch nightsticks kept the expected crowd of students moving through the streets. If they shoved, the students moved; if the students shoved back, they arrested.

It was too bad about all those students causing all that trouble, but they really didn't come to spoil a great sports event — they just came

for fun, and they did bring money. What was really bad for not-so-lucky Louisville were Martin Luther King, and the KKK — they didn't come for fun and they brought only tension and fear. Humor is the juxtaposition of seemingly incongruent circumstances: juxtapose the Kentucky Derby, the KKK, Martin Luther King, 30,000 college students, the Kentucky National Guard and rain, and you have not only pitifully sick humor, but also a pathetic commentary on *How America Entertains Itself*.

Dateline, Louisville, Kentucky, May 6, 1967:

The century and a half was run in a mile and a quarter here today. Here, under a miserable, chilling, day-long rain, was American sport at its finest hour, the culmination of a week of intense, secretive preparation by the contestants, the boasts and counter-boasts, the mounting tension and the final anxiety that are sport. And the stakes were high. Two last-minute, All-American Farms entries, Klandestine Kaper King and Invisible Empire, paid 16 for one, while a good tip was that the Stokeley Stables entry, Open Housing, would pay a high price just to show.

A paid attendance of over 75,000, not including the 2,500 Kentucky National Guardsmen who were special guests of Governor Breathitt, ecstatically viewed the color that is Derby Day. Thousands of students seeking to drink of the great tradition of the Southland languidly lounged on the bluegrass of the infield. They picturesquely planted themselves about styrofoam coolers filled with the best

brews of the hills, soaked on the outside by a thirst-destroying rain, but nevertheless imbibing their Bud and Julep in such quantity as to create an orgy not unlike those that took place back in the old Coliseum. But for the thunder of hooves and the ghostly chantings of the public-address announcer, it was difficult to deduce the fact that *this* was the Derby. Although the track is not visible from most of the infield, it didn't really matter because most of the infield fans couldn't tell which way they were walking, let alone which way a silly horse was running. The National Guardsmen, who wore bright red ascots, stood around the perimeter of the infield to prevent anyone from inadvertently meandering onto the track. Strangely, though, a photographer who leaned over the infield fence was smashed across the face with a billy-club deftly wielded by a swift and silent Guardsman. He stumbled away from the fence, bleeding, a man in shock amid 10,000 drunks. But the Derby was beautiful. Before the first race the crowd sang *My Old Kentucky Home* like *Auld Lang Syne* at Sweeney's.

Louisville *isn't* a lucky city. The Kentucky Derby was a gross absurdity. The students all went home with stories to tell. The National Guard got soaked. Neither Invisible Empire nor Open Housing won anything, just Proud Clarion, who was just a horse and didn't represent anybody but his owner. It's too bad that there were so many unlucky losers at the Derby, too bad that sport itself was the biggest loser. ■

Voice in the Crowd

Although Jim Lynch was hardly challenged by the rest of the Big Four in last week's Athlete of the Year voting,—Lynch finished with 1143½ votes; his nearest competitor had 729½ (somebody voted for a tie)—there were, as always, some perennial favorites who once again graced the tally sheet: Spider McDermott, who for the third consecutive year led all competition in frisbee; Mike Carroll, who garnered three votes for "every sport imaginable;" and Pat Shaw, highly regarded by some as "Horseman of the Year." Two legitimate entrees who at least deserve honorable mention were Bill Brown, the strong tennis team's number 1 man, and Bob Arnzen. Brown is currently 10-0 in singles play, as is his teammate Jas Singh; he finished tied with basketball-baseballer Arnzen for the most write-ins. One final vote worthy of mention went to fencer Tom Sheridan. Only the team's number three foil man this year, he nevertheless had a convincing endorsement on his ballot: "He deserves some recognition for a great season." It was signed, "His . . . roommate?" It seems that Tom's roommate is determined to see justice done. When Sheridan went 6-0 in a meet against Illinois and Wisconsin earlier this year, his picture and a brief recap were sent to *Sports Illustrated* as a possibility for their "Faces in the Crowd" column. Alas, Sheridan was himself foiled, but the rejection slip promised to "keep yours in mind as a face to watch in the future." Good luck, Tom.

Speaking of *Sports Illustrated*, that magazine joined a host of others this past weekend in making things hot for Sports Information Director Roger Valdiserri. With Dan Jenkins for some reason unavailable, John Underwood was sent to South Bend to dig up a story on the Old Timer game, and Valdiserri was called upon to fill in the facts. National feature articles are always taxing for publicity people, and they usually get top priority. But last week not only *S.I.* but *The Saturday Evening Post* and, of course, ABC-TV, each moved in with its own takeover plans. "ABC began moving in on Wednesday," Valdiserri reported, "and by Friday they must have had 150 workers around campus. Underwood and his cameramen came in Thursday night." So far, so good. Sports Information copes with the same problem at least five times every Fall. The trouble arose over the game itself, when a former high school tennis captain named René Torrado took off his shoe and began punting the Alumni offense into one hole after another. "Normally, we have everything on the players set up in advance. The television and newspaper people can find out in a minute anything they'd need to know about an individual. But Torrado caught us completely off guard. How long was he out for the team this spring, a week?" Bud Wilkinson and Co. managed to ease over the problem for "Wide World of Sports," (unknown, barefoot kickers come across strong on television, with or without case histories), but Valdiserri spent the next few days digging out of the avalanche which poured into his office from the press box. "For us, this game was more work than most regular season games. In fact, the Old Timers coverage was actually greater than for last year's Purdue game." The whole irony to this situation is that the best football game of the spring is played the week before Old Timers Day.

Just when it was beginning to look as if the SCHOLASTIC was starting its own jinx, the Notre Dame crew has come to the rescue. Two weeks ago we did a story on the baseball team, which promptly dropped two in a row to Kent State and Bowling Green. In that same issue the "Chilly Philly" crew weekend was previewed, and not only did it rain the entire day of the meet, but the Irish finished last behind MSU and Wayne State. Last week, at the largest rowing regatta in the midwest, the Mid-American Championships, all that was undone. Despite the driving rain which seems to be a part of crew meets, Notre Dame's club finished third (behind unbeaten Marietta and Purdue) in a field of nine other varsity crews. Among the conquered were both Michigan State and Wayne State, as well as Alabama, Minnesota, and Kansas State. But the Irish crew hopes to pull its biggest surprise this week at The Meet, the Dad Vail Championships in Philadelphia.

—MIKE MCADAMS

Richard

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The First Desk

(Continued from page 16)

you have mentioned. He is known as . . . ahh . . . The Spirit. And he lives, why he lives not far from you! In a cave on the ridge of Indian Look-out Mountain. Go to him. He will help you! I thanked the good preacher and immediately made my way to that tall mountain which rises behind our house. By noon I had climbed but half its height and, drinking only beverage, I pressed on. Finally, close to three o'clock, I came upon the cave. It had a small mouth and from without it looked terribly dark and cramped. This was not a time for

timidity. Which school I attended would color my very life! I strode boldly through the opening but stopped abruptly after crossing the threshold. Blinking my eyes to accustom them to the darkness, I slowly picked out objects. There was in one corner a small sink under a mirror, in another was a desk, and to my right was a bunk bed of which only one bed appeared to be in use.

Then, suddenly, in the middle of the room I spied a squatting form. Bald, emaciated, he wore only a loin-cloth and, strangely, a pair of football cleats. "Old man," I stammered, "I have come to ask you a question." "Ask it then, my son," his knowing

voice commanded. He was facing a wall from which two signs were hanging. He had appeared to be contemplating them when I had entered and I was loath to sit beneath such objects of possible religious significance. One was an old red traffic sign that said, simply, "STOP." The other was but a slip of paper that quietly commanded, "Follow the Band." Finally, made bold by the importance of my dilemma, I squatted beneath them. "Father," I said, "I have been accepted by Mount St. Mary's, Scranton, and Notre Dame. Which should I attend?" "My son," he replied, "this is indeed an important question. Allow me to think a moment." How long he was silent I cannot tell. A moment, an hour, weeks? Time became nonexistent. Then at last he began to chant a mysterious phrase. Slowly he repeated it. Until it seemed to be in rhythm with his breathing, then, with his very soul. His body began to weave, his face turned upward, and from his mouth flowed — what! — gibberish? Could it be called speech? "Push this button," he moaned, "and your teacher will . . . Someday I'll run this place . . . she offered her honor, I honored her . . ." Suddenly he ceased, and then, calmed, he spoke to me. "My son, few are the things of worth in this world. Money? Love? Knowledge? These are nothing. That which holds within it the essence of living is known only to a select few. Do you wish to be told?" I silently nodded yes and for a long moment his eyes burned into mine. "Castrate State," he breathed. That was the very phrase he had been chanting! "Castrate State?" I replied wondering. "Quiet child!" he thundered, "those words are not for you to speak! You have no right!" Stunned into silence I could only stare. The anger quickly drained from his face and he began again. "Those words contain within them the poles of experience. Within their boundaries is all that life contains!" "What are these things," my eyes pleaded silently. He looked through me, through even the walls, out into a larger vision. "Sex and football," his voice incanted, "sex and football." A heavy sigh escaped from my body. "You know now where you must go." "Yes, my father," I replied. His eyes flamed like sacred brands.

"Notre Dame," he whispered.

"Notre Dame," I echoed softly.

"Notre Dame!" he grunted.

"Notre Dame!!" I called.

"NOTRE DAME!" he yelled.

"NOTRE DAME!!" I screamed.

And from his loincloth he grabbed a green handkerchief and waved it in my face!

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Letters

(Continued from page 9)

ist emotions; he is, however, a man ... a human being: one that needs help and should get it from a psychiatrist, not an electrician. If people want to thrive on sensationalism, then there is not much anyone can do, except speak out like Mr. Anson and try to make them understand that humanity should be humane. How many people will upon hearing of Speck's execution say: "He got just what he deserved." It's hard to say exactly, but whatever the number, it will probably be too many and not enough will have asked: "Could he have been helped?"

John Holgerson
345 Dillon

DISCLAIMER

EDITOR:

At the Honors Banquet of the University of Notre Dame Law School, on May 1, 1967, Joseph O'Meara, Dean of that Law School, made a statement in which he strongly criticized "most" of the objectors to American involvement in the Viet Nam war.

Since Joseph O'Meara made these remarks while participating as the dean of the Law School in an official function of the Law School, we, who are members of the faculty of the Notre Dame Law School, wish to make the following statement:

(1) The remarks of Joseph O'Meara should be taken as expressive of his personal views and should not be attributed to the Notre Dame Law School or to the faculty of the Notre Dame Law School.

(2) Further, we do *not* agree with Joseph O'Meara when he states that "for the most part . . . the objectors [to American involvement in the Viet Nam war] are either Communists or traitors or cowards," or "persons of large good will but little insight who have been euchred into being stooges, or who are seeking some end of their own (ambition, revenge, or whatever) at the expense of their Country."

(3) Joseph O'Meara made special reference to Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr.; whether or not we are in agreement with recent statements and actions of Dr. King, we believe him to be acting according to the dictates of his conscience as a Christian, a minister of the Gospel of Christ, and a citizen who is totally concerned for the well being and common good of all Americans.

(4) Finally, as lawyers, in our judgment the public utterances of Dr. King and Mr. Stokely Carmichael to which Joseph O'Meara refers are, in context, fully protected by the First

Amendment and cannot constitute violations of any valid law.

William M. Lewers, C.S.C.
Thomas L. Shaffer
Thomas F. Broden
Bernard J. Ward
Robert E. Rhodes, Jr.
Law School

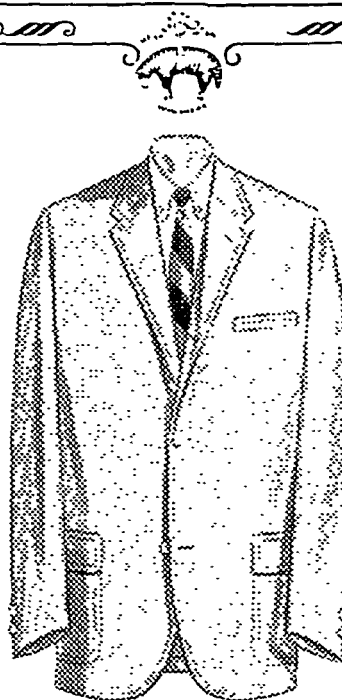
INCOMPREHENSIBLE

EDITOR:

I found it hard to comprehend, after your recent years-belated editorial

condemning the misallocation of funds to the new Athletic Center, the printing of a bleeding heart lament over the loss of a new swimming pool in the same structure.

Let me say that I have nothing against athletics. But decent living conditions are much more important with regard to the full development of our students. It is ridiculous to say that we can evolve into a community stay-hall system, with the



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'Farley Fast'

(Continued from page 17)

sat down and read through it all. I asked myself, 'What are these people trying to do? What do they want?' They were really an elitist group looking down. They weren't concerned about the students. They didn't even know any students. I read Fish's stuff and Dunn's stuff. I felt a sort of personal outrage that that kind of political pornography could be peddled on campus. I said to myself, 'O.K. What have these slobs done and what do you want done?'

The next day 'Seventeen Theses' obscured the usual WSND sign over the jukebox in the Huddle. The statement demanded the usual student rights: free speech, free press, etc.; but in addition brought forth a couple of new proposals: finance new stu-

loans and organize a student union. A coalition of the right (led by Joel Connelly, then head of the YAF) and left (led by Lenny) would run on a platform based on the theses and under the common banner of a new student political party—the Popular Front. The party concept was the idea of Howard Dooley, then head of the campus ADA.

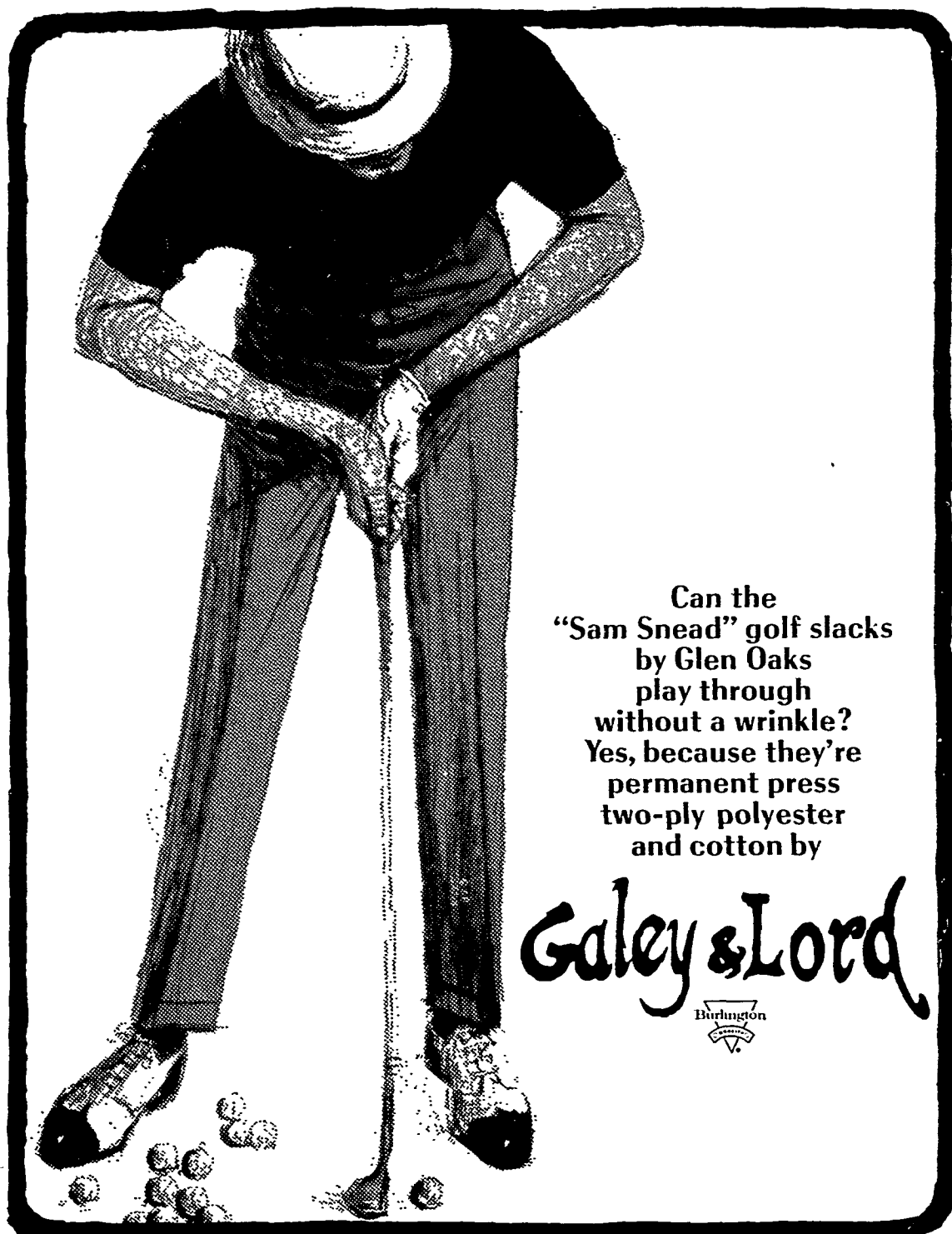
The problem was to find a candidate to run for the Front. "I had no idea of running myself," says Joyce. "I wanted the 17 theses to win. I tried to get some other junior to run. But nobody wanted it and so I made the decision to run.

"Obviously the freshman quad would be the deciding factor. That's where we campaigned. We always got big crowds. My name attracted because of all the publicity I had dent dorms by federal government gotten. They'd say: 'What about

Vietnam? I'd say, 'Look, we're not talking about Vietnam. We're talking about your problems here and now.'

By the time the election rolled around both Dunn and Fish had appended the 17 theses in one form or another to their own proposals and both Dooley and Connelly had deserted the cause. The thought of Lenny as student body president was a bit too much for even their 'radical' bent.

So Lenny ended-up running alone, which was nothing new for Lenny, and thirty percent of the vote with one week of campaigning on a no-money budget was much more than a respectable loss. The so-called Popular Front folded with the defeat but not without inspiring others with the idea of a student political party. And so last fall, with the help of Lenny Joyce, out of the ashes arose—but we all know that story. ■



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requisite academic and social environment concomitant with a great university, as long as over half our student body is cramped into forced living accommodations.

The really discouraging thing is that we are still graduating rah-rah dimwits who feel that it is necessary, at this time, to spend the "insignificant" sum of \$500,000 on a second swimming pool in order that our swimming team have an extra forty-five minutes of practice every day. Would you please point your reporter in the direction of Rockne Memorial where he can quite thoroughly go soak his head.

Tom Brislin
323 Farley

DON'T BEAT 'EM, JOIN 'EM

EDITOR:

If I may comment on Robert Metz's perspective (May 5, p. 18) of my perspective of the Challenges in Science Meetings in the current *Science Quarterly*: I am scored for not mentioning the quality of the lectures when in fact I said that the unusually high quality and competence of the

lecturers was obvious to all who had either heard of the men or attended the meetings.

It would be unkind to speculate whether Mr. Metz, a science major, has heard of the men — Pauling, Beadle, Teller, etc. — or attended the meetings, or was merely sedated by my prose style before he could finish the article.

If he or any other science major wishes to devote his energies to the improvement of the *Science Quarterly*, which like most other things is in constant need of improvement, a place can be found for him at the campus publication where accuracy is axiomatic.

Michael Dunn
Off-Campus

GOD HELP ME

EDITOR:

My friend Robert Sam Anson was once described by a ranking Administration official as "the kind of guy who nails all the exits shut in a crowded movie theater and then yells fire." The description is probably more true than false.

But at Notre Dame, I don't think the Bob Ansons of the world are bad people to have around. At Notre Dame, where apathy is the "in" thing for anything of more significance than female cheerleaders, the Bob Ansons are a must for without them there really wouldn't be very much to talk about around here (besides Hoosier Hysteria of course). At Notre Dame, where the majority of the student body thinks the world is shaped like a football, we need the Ansons to throw stones, even though they might make fairly good targets themselves.

God help me and save me from my friend Robert Sam Anson and his hot dog remarks but please God, keep a steady stream of people like him coming to our lovely little conservative campus. And please give grace, God, to "dumb animals" like myself and the editors of a very fine campus publication who might, pardon the pun, "lionize" him.

a semiretired dumb
animal,

W. Hudson (Bill) Giles

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Mike
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The Last Word



“NO TRESPASSING,” read the signs placed strategically around the property owned by H. J. Heinz & Co., maker of baby foods and catsup (57 Varieties). Heinz’ headquarters are in Pittsburgh but this particular property is located just twenty-three miles south-west of South Bend. Called Walkerton, it is the home of 135 migrant workers from Texas, who harvest Heinz’ crops each year from April to November.

Walkerton is one of eighteen such “camps” in Indiana, housing a total of some 21,000 migrants who travel 3000 miles each year to work Indiana farms for \$1.00 an hour. Last Sunday some forty-five Notre Dame and St. Mary’s students borrowed busses from the seminary to get a first-hand look at Walkerton, and the living conditions of the migrants. What they found was housing comparable to

some of the better prisoner-of-war camps during the last world war.

“Substandard” and “inadequate” are the nice terms used to describe life in the camps, but the status quo isn’t at all nice: 8-14 people crammed into one-room shacks make forced-doubles look like bridal suites; no indoor plumbing (there’s a community toilet at the end of the yard, and at the other, a community shower—no hot water, though); and of course no refrigeration or cooking facilities. Body lice, diarrhea, and respiratory diseases are the least harmful and most immediate parasites on the workers.

H. J. Heinz is the biggest parasite, but other smaller companies have a fair share in the misery. The ignorant workers are in most cases unaware of and thus unprotected by Social Security, unemployment compensation, workman’s compensation, labor unions, or local welfare programs.

Senior Hank Topper, head of the ND-SMC Friends of the Migrants committee, and the 45 who accompanied him Sunday will be manning information booths at some of the local grocery stores Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday of this week between the hours of 4:30 and 8:30 p.m. Their purpose is to tell the migrant story to the people of South Bend and hopefully arouse a little public indignation. The group’s immediate goal is to dramatize the problem for the federal Civil Rights Commission whose representatives are meeting in special session in town tomorrow to investigate the situation. The *South Bend Tribune* has backed the students and promised full coverage, special features, and editorial comment in the weeks and summer to come.

Last summer Heinz was approached directly concerning their South Bend “dependents.” A special delivery letter was sent to the president of the company who forwarded it without comment to his area representative, a certain Gerald “Pickell” Smith. Mr. Smith settled the whole problem quite effortlessly. He wrote to the director of CENTRO, the local War on Poverty agency: “Since you are so obviously uninformed about the real conditions of our camp, I won’t even bother to answer you.” Nice-going, Pickell. Your quick-thinking won’t be lost on Pittsburgh.

ATENTION *Observer* FANS: Crusading newshawk Pat Collins is very much alive. We hear his faint heart still beating next door. As for *The*

Observer . . . the tale is sad and long; we won’t go into it. Collins promises us a paper for next fall though; what form it will take is up to Providence and accounts receivable. It could be anything from an occasional Thursday (as per this year) to a daily (with color comics on Sunday). All we can get from Pat is: “The only thing you can quote me on is that we’re not sure of anything.” Vastly reassuring and in the great *Observer* tradition.

Chris Murphy has made a generous gesture at helping out: You see, there’s this old offset printing press somewhere in upstate Indiana that will go for a cool fourteen grand. Now if we can just move all those old pool tables in the basement over to the book store and set them up where the bowling alley used to be before it went out of business, that’ll give us a little space and then . . . Great Caesar’s Ghost!

FR. MCCARRAGHER KNOWS who’s getting the old post office but he’s not saying. Students won’t return to find a shiny new World War III Chapel though, nor will it go as has been rumored to the business school for temporary use until their new graduate addition is completed. (That structure is supposed to be finished sometime next year). But what about the ex-post office? According to Fr. McCarragher, some student group will definitely be moving in next fall but which one is anybody’s guess. You have forty to choose from.

AND NOW GOOD-BYE.

Good-bye to Jamie McKenna who really is a nice guy.

Good-bye to Lenny Joyce, Notre Dame’s first Radical, who made ‘good copy’ for four years and whose hair really isn’t that long.

Good-bye to Robert Sam Anson who jumped on a sinking ship and made of it one of the best (by far) student publications in the country, who showed-up the Patriot of the Year for the game it is, and who married a St. Mary’s girl.

Good-bye to Dan Murray who, when the *Observer* editors were in California and their representative had given up, defended the principle of a free press and free *Observer* before the Senate and got them to back him 100 percent.

Good-bye to Carl Magel, our friend, who has given four years to the SCHOLASTIC, and much, much more beside.

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